m uma attent mil Bereit.

the same list with Orsini, Guiteau, Booth, and Freeman. But his admirers do not allow this, for it would ruin him as " a saint and martyr." They contend not only that he was sane. but that he was a great moral hero. If we admit his sanity, we must then regard him either as a felon or a flend. After he had proved himself a robber, murderer, and traitor, and while almost everybody was denouncing him as such, the Garrison disunionists, under whose tuition he had matured, immediately whose tuition he had matured, immediately began his spotheosis. The files of the Liberator and the reported eulogies of Wendell Phillips, delivered wherever he could get a hearing, are abundant proof of this fact. Themselves monomaniaes they were delighted to discover a hero so well adapted to their characters and tastes. It had been their work for a quarter of a country, to call the Constitution a league with death and a covenant with hell, and on their entered instrument. They said constantly that there was no issue of any importance except the dissolution of the Union." In their convention in New York city in May, 1854, the way repealed they said "the Nebraska bill and the Fugitive Slave law are matters of no import to abolitionists. We strike at the root of he matter." They claimed to appeal to the moral sense of the country, but in fact they appealed neither to its moral sense nor to its common sense. Their cry was for disunion and for nothing else. They asked the people to escape the measles by committing suicide. They asked us to burn our houses to get free from cockroaches. They never seemed to have one impulse of patriotism or one glimmer of statesmanship. They were simply malignant pustules on the body politie—the proof and the effect of the disease within, without any curing power or tendency. These are the men responsible for the torrible growth of anarchy in this country. They made a deity of the prince of Anarchists, a colossus in crime, compared with whom the men recently executed at Chicago were only pigmies.

It is no wonder, then, that the Anarchists of to-day acknowledge their rightful king, and sing at their nocturnal conventions John Brown songs. This is the most appropriate commentary we have yet had upon the character of Garrison and Phillips, "martry and saint." Their eulogies found echoes in feeble pulpit utterances and occasionally in public lectures. In this way the deadly virus of anarchy infoct, and power of the disease, by consent of masters, to whom he said that negroes were more began his apotheosis. The files of the Libera-tor and the reported eulogies of Wendell Phil-

could not not not make a merchess and most un-crupulous japhawker.

The above is a faint picture of the "noble John Brown." Much more of the same import could be given, but this is enough, except for Anarchists who wish to become unrivalled ex-perts in crime.

After his middight murders in Kansas, all the

After his midnight murders in Kansas, all the people about Ossawattomie assembled to express their indignation and to take measures to bring the "flends" to justice. Here on most friendly terms met the free State and the slave State men. In the overshadowing gloom of such terrible crime, all partisan issues were forgotten. The underlying brotherhood of man asserted itself in unity against an enemy of the human race. But what enemy? John Brown, with characteristic lying, denied that he was present at this massacre, or that he had anything to do with it. No fact in history is now better established than the fact that he was father of the crime and the leader of the assassing.

of the assassims.

We come now to the consideration of Felix Adler's speech last Sunday in Chickering Hail. This is the most marvellous and mysterious speech ever heard or read. Having proved John Brown a monomaniac, he calls him an Anarchist, and afterward finds reasons, for sulogizing him and for claiming that "the weather of the control of the co

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 17. Preparing to Look Pleasant.

From the Omaha World. Husband—The photographer is ready to take your picture. I guess.
Photographer—Yes, all ready. Now look pleasant.
Wife (before the camera)—My dear, I think you'd bet-

A Buffalo Man Entertains a Rochester Girl.

A Busine Man Exterinias a Rochester Girl.

From the Busine Courser.

Mr. Thikhed donned a new pair of \$9
striped trousors last evening and attended a
soirée on North street. Within an hour he
was introduced to a young lady from Rochester, and he at once entered into an animated
conversation with her.

"I've heard a good deal about Rochester,"
said Mr. Thikhed, "but I've never been there,"
"Oh, you ought to go. I'm sure you'd like it.
Busined doesn't compare with it. You don't see
the bustle here that you do in Rochester,"
"Dear me! How lunny," said Mr. Thikhed.
"Is it made of wire?"
"Yirn'?"
"Yeah. When you sit on it does it fold up;"

"Is it made of wire?"

"Wire?"

"Yeah, When you sit on it does it fold up?"

"Why, goodness gracious me, what are you taking about?"

"The bustle! The bustle! Is it the Langtry or the Potter bustle?"

"Why, I didn't speak about any bustle!"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Thikhed earnestly, "You said there was a bustle in Rechester," You said there was a bustle in Rechester, "You said there was a bustle in Rechester," You said there was a bustle in Rechester, "I mean that Rochester was lively, wide awake, pushing, you know."

"Why, I didn't mean an article of dress," said the young lady, blushing violently. "I meant that Rochester was lively, wide awake, pushing, you know."

"What does it push for, then?"

"What of the soil slow, It goes right ahead."

"On the canal or the railroad?"

"What?"

"Does it walk or ride a bleycle?"

"Does it walk or ride a bicycle?"
What?"

"What?"
"Rochester."
"Why, what a ridiculous question."
"You said it went right ahead. How does it get over the ground?"
"Why, we put up houses."
"At auction?"
"No, no, we build them."
"Oh, yes, now I see, How funny."
"You've never seen Powers block, of course?"
said the young lady.

"You've never seen rowers said the young lady, "No," answered Mr. Thikhed, "but I'd like to

said the young lady.

"No," answered Mr. Thikhed. "but I'd like to see him do it, very much."

The young lady looked puzzled.
"What does he block, anyhow?" continued Mr. Thikhed.

"Why, he doesn't block anything. Powers is beautiful. Why, I was simply carried away the first time I visited the art gallery."

"Who took you?"

"My friend, Mr. Smith."

"Did he carry you in his arms?"

"Carry me in his arms!"

"Yes, did he find you pretty heavy?"

"Why, he never carried me."

"Why, he never carried you away."

"I didn't."

"You said somebody carried you away."

"I didn't."

"Excuse me: you said you were carried away when you saw the pictures."

"Oh. good gracious! I meant I was delighted. Can't you understand anything?"

"But you're so vague," said Mr. Thikhed.
"Well, you know the Genesee River."

"Jenny who?"

"Genesee: Genesee River, same as your

But you re so vague, said at. Inkned.

"Well, you know the Genesee River."

"Jenny who?"

"Genesee: Genesee River, same as your
Genesee here, you know?"

"We haven't got any Genesee River here."

"No, but you have a hotel, haven't you?"

"Is your Genesee River like our hotel?"

"No, no, but the names are alike. The river
runs right through the town."

"Why does it run? Can't it catch a car?"

"Oh, dear, no. How could it?"

"Don't know. Any nice girls there?"

"Lovely, and they throw smiles at you."

"Schooners or ponies?"

"What?"

"Lager or weiss beer? What kind of smiles
are they when they can throw them at you?

Do they throw 'em across the street?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"Don't hop spill? How the dickens can they
do it?"

"Srill? I don't understand you."

"Don't they spill? How the dickens can they do it?"

"Spill? I don't understand you."

"Why, the smiles, you know."

"How can they spill?"

"If there was a saloon here I'd show you."

"A saloon? What has that to do with smiles?"

Mr. Thikhed smiled pitifully and shook his head. "Everything, everything, said he.

"Well, really, Mr. Thikhed." said the Rochester young woman, "I fear we don't understand each other. Really, when you talk about smiles being spilt I can't comprehend you."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Thikhed, "but I can't make my meaning plainer without a saloon," and he sauntered out into the conservatory and looked at the harper tune his lay or lay a tune, whichever it is.

A Great German Socialist.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Baring Gould, in his recent work on Germany, shows that the most adroit and seductive of socialistic writers, the founder, indeed, of existing socialism, was Frederick Lassalle, a Jew, born at Breslau in 1825. His father wanted him to go into mercantile life, but he resolved to skirmish for a living. When he was 23 years old the German revolution of 1848 broke out in Berlin, and among the people who were disturbed by it was a Countess named Hatzleidt, 40 years old, good looking and free, who was just then suing her husband for a separation. The little Lassalle buckled on to this woman and challenged the Count. her husband, who kieked him out of the house. Lassalle became a sort of a male Nina Van Zandt, and for eight years was a nuisance in Europe, carrying the case of this Countess through the different courts. Says Mr. Baring Gould: "He figured before the world as the champion of wronged innocence, the disinterested protector of the oppressed, and all the while he was feathering his own nest. He would not undertake the championship till he had wrung a contract for a handsome annuity from the Countess. He obtained for the lady a princely provision, and sponged upon her to the end of his days. While setting himself up as the opponent of wealth, the advocate of equalization of fortunes, he lived himself in epicurean luxury—was a fop, a gourmand, and licentious."

Lassalle had very taking ways, and insinuated himself into society, and he was a student From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

self in epicurcan luxury—was a fop, a gourmand, and licentious."

Lassalle had very taking ways, and insinuated himself into society, and he was a student and translator. "The unhappy Countess Von Hatzfeldt stood as his bad angel at his side, directing his energies into perverse currents, She had the rare self-control of Livia, the wife of Augustus. She was bot, or did not show herself, jealous of the infidelities of her lover and advocate. The fascinating and intelligent face of Lassalle made him a favorite with women. His love adventures form a scandalous chronicle. He was once attacked by a rival in the Thier Garden at Berlin, and defended himself with such valor that the historian Forster made him a present of Robespierre's walking stick, which he ever after bore."

In 1864 this man was shot dead in a duel near Geneva for having persecuted a woman who had been for a time fascinated with him, and seeking to get her fortune by marriage, offering to turn Catholic or Protestant, though he was a Hebrew, if he could have her hand. With the impudence of a theorist of that kind, whom society Indulges too much, he proposed to murder her husband, a Wallachian noble. The husband put a ball through him.

Lasalle proposed to bring labor back to the condition it had in the middle ages. He wanted States to endow great cooperative factories with sums equivalent to \$50,000,000 aplece, and these associations were to go on manufacturing, and to see that nobody got anything out of the manufactures but the laborers. Something of this kind can be seen in penilentiaries where manufacturing is done to support the penitentiary. So the land ough to be divided up into great tracts and settled by huge communities, where everybody must work.

One, Twe, or Three Shirt Studes

One, Two, or Three Shirt Stude!

One, Twe, or Three Shirt Stude!

Prom the Harberdather.

One swallow doesn't make a summer; nor does one shining star hide the twinkies of the millons of others all about it.

It is true that one swallow indicates that summer is coming, and it is also true that one leader of fushion may point the advent of a new style, but the wise man doesn't put on his summer clothes in April because he sees a swallow flash across the sky, nor does he instantly discard his present raiment when there are rumors of a change in fashion.

In the one case he waits until the summer is actually at hand, and in the other until the fashion is firmly and fully established.

Just now there is a good deal of abourd discussion as to what is the "proper" thing in shirt stude—one, two, or three. The question is not a momentous one at best, but some retailers are more or less disquieted by conflicting statements which reach them, and harrow up their souls as to what advice they should give their customers on the point. For some time past one stud has been used very largely, with two studs a good second; and most manufacturors have made their shirts in that manner. Now it is declared that this is all wrong, and that three studs only are correct.

Now, what are the facts? Within asbort time several furnishers of New York, who sell the most exclusive trade, have begun to recommend three studs: That makes a fashion?

Not by any means. It simply faces a tendency, which will sconer or later become a controlling influence; but the access of a new fashion does not by any means whe out an old one. The great mass of gentlemen are conservative as to fashions: they follow at a respectful distance, and do not, like the swells aim to be in the very front. Any fashion readily divides itself into the extreme and the moderate; a few profess the former, the great majority of well-dressed men endorse is always fashionable.

The fact as to shirt studs is that in New York some very fashionable men wear three; many more wear one, and a respectable number wear two that all are worn by peoine of good sense and good taste. The slow drift, however, will be toward three stude and away from one, for the reason that the influence of the few furnishers in New York who control such matters is thrown in that direction. Any dealer will be entirely safe in continuing the use of one or two stude, for he may be very certain that it will be many months before any but the very swellest trade will drop one stud for three. At the same time he may assure customers who wish to keep in the front of fashion that they may do so by wearing shirts with three stude.

POLITICS IN IOWA.

The Labor Party Badly Of Greenbacker Weaver and Calamity Weller. DES MOINES, Nov. 28 .- There are indications on the surface of Iowa politics that the Union Labor party has fought its first and last fight. At the recent election it only polled be-tween 11,000 and 12,000 votes, while its advocates confidently expected a poll of 40,000 or 50,000. The Labor party in Iowa is a slender thing, and yet it is split up into factions. From the day of the Cincinnati Convention until the gathering of the State Convention in Marshalltown in May last a desperate struggle was carried on for mastery between Gen. Weaver, present Congressman from the Sixth District, and Calamity Weller, formerly member of Congress from the Fourth district. These two gentlemen had been at swords' points for a couple of years. In their efforts to establish their ownership of the Greenback party of the State each came in sharp contact with the other, but Weaver finally triumphed. Weller was defeated for Congress in 1884, while Weaver was elected. While the latter was busy working the departments of Washington, getting fat places for his Greenback friends, Calamity was laying the wires for capturing the organization in Iowa. When the contest came Wel-ier was triumphant. He organized the Con-

vention, named the ticket, and secured con-trol of the State Central Committee. Weaver suiked over his defeat, refused to give his adhesion to the action of the Convention, and finally called a Convention of the oldtime Greenbackers. They met, forty or more, adopted a serious of resolutions upon the depiorable state of the country, failed to nom-inate a State ticket, but authorized the General to call a mass Convention of the farmers, if deemed advisable, to place candidates in the field. This work he formally postponed until next year.

inate a State ticket, but authorized the General to call a mass Convention of the farmers. If deemed advisable, to place candidates in the field. This work he formally postponed until next year.

In many counties of the State the Labor party had no organization, no election tickets at the polls, and no votes. Its leaders are disheartened, and disintegration and dissolution seem inevitable. Mr. Henry S. Wilcox, who was its candidate for the Legislature in Polk county, has announced his withdrawal from the Union Labor party and the casting of his lot with the Republicans. He advises others to join one or the other of the old-time parties, selecting that one which is strongest in their legislative and Congressional districts, and use every honorable method to influence that party's action in nominating candidates for Congress and the State Legislature. Mr. Wilcox predicts that Gen. Weaver will go to the Democratic party, and that his business partner, ex-Congressman Gillette, will join the Republicans, where he belongs. This prediction is probably correct as to Gillette, but hardly as to Weaver. He is nothing if not a trader, and next campaign will see him out with a call for a convention of farmers or something else for the purpase of putting a third ticket in the field upon which to trade with the Democrate for the purpase of putting a third ticket in the field upon which to trade with the Democrate running to wake up and ask themselves why they have done it. For all the good he has done them they claim they might as well have sent a Republican. Next year will probably witness the spectacle of a straight Democrat running for Congress in the Sixth district. Weaver will no doubt object, and want the field to himself, but he has posed as an anti-monopolist so long that he will scarcely be allowed to monopolize all the offices for himself and friends.

What will become of Calamity Weller is not so easy to conjecture. He is a man of many peculiarities and some excellences. He is a great talker, so far as the art of s

BAYING A CHINAMAN'S QUEUE.

The Island Barber's Shears were Just Vie-

lating it when Help Came. While Wing Sing, a Chinese laundryman, was being put through the mill on Blackwell's Island preparatory to entering upon a three months' rest from any further toll around his wash tubs at 133 West Twenty-third street, from which place he was arrested for keeping an oplum joint, his friends on Mott street were trying to save his queue from being clipped off by the savage shears of an American jail. It was very amusing to see how nearly every cited when told one of their number was going

Chinaman was interested and more or less excited when told one of their number was going to lose his national Tartaric queue, while hardly any notice is paid when told that a Chinaman has lost his head or life.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, Mott street was swarmed with excited Celestials. All were anxious to contribute something toward saving Wing Sing's long braid. Finally a committed were selected and forthwith sent to Counsellor Price's office to have the latter gentleman proceed immediately to the Island. They arrived there just as the barber took hold of Wing Sing's raven black braid of 30 years' careful attention and was ready to apply his tonsorial art.

"Stop a moment," said the Chinese Counsellor, as he raised his arms eloquently in the air. The astonished barber let his great shears drop by his side, while officials, Chinamen, and their faithful counsellor arranged matters to allow Wing to retain his queue until next Tuesday, when an appeal will be made in the outraged Chinaman's behalf.

The charge is said to be malicious. An opium flend forced himself upon the Chinaman to allow him to leave his opium pipes, &c., in the laundry until he could find a room to smoke in, and at the same time left a few pipes of smoke, as he was nearly dead with the opium habit, when the Chinaman kindly gave him the privilege. But the fellow returned the next day with a similar request, and wanted to smoke, when the Chinaman indignantly refused. The flend grasped his washing, on which forty cents was due, and ran out of the place, followed by the howling Chinese laundryman in the rear. An officer came upon thescene and arrested the fleeing Christian. For some reason or another, an hour after, the officer came back with his prisoner and arrested the Chinaman, and let the robber go scott free.

DEFYING THE IRON HORSE. The Patal Result of a Kentucky Man's

Freak when Maddened by Liquor. From the Louisville Courter-Journal.

Fresk when Maddened by Liquer.

From the Louisville Courier Journal.

James Wilkens, a resident of East Bernstadt, Laurel county, met his death in a horrible manner on Friday afternoon of last week, near his home. Early in the morning, in company with his brother-in-law, Henry Singer, he was in London, where they became very drunk. Returning in the spring wagon of a friend, they began flighting, and, being unable to control them. Amos Hite, owner of the wagon, had Wilkens to get out, when he proceeded on his way. Wilkens was in a rage at being left, and was very noisy along the road. After staggering about for some time he was seen to fall heavily to the ground from an embankment, and the wife of a farmer living near by hurried to his assistance. She found him lying as if dead, but after awhile aroused him from what proved to be a stupor and helped him some distance on his way homeward. He suddenly became very violent, and his curses and threats drove the woman from him.

"I am not alraid of man or anything else in this world," he cried, "and I'll prove it to you. They can't fool with me."

With this he walked toward the railroad track, followed by the woman at a distance. He took his stand in the centre of the track, just as the shrill whistic of the east-bound L. and N. train was heard around the bendout of sight, but scarcely a hundred yards away. Much alarmed, the woman rushed toward the man as he staggered to and fro between the rails. Apparently frightened by her excitement, Wilkens moved off the track to a slightly elevated poaltion, and the woman, thinking him safe, stopped. As the heavy locomotive wheeled around the short curve he became very wild again, and his cries could be heard some distance away above the neise of the cars.

The train was moving at very rapid speed, and when it was almost upon Wilkens, and before his body was plainty visible to the engineer he placed his hands high above his body as if he were going to dive, exclaiming: "Come on. I'm not afraid of you or anything else."

At this

THE SUN, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1887.-TWENTY PAGES THE NEW CANCER HOSPITAL.

> A Building Perfectly Adapted to its Pur-poses floor to be Opened. An act to incorporate the New York Cancer Hospital was passed by the Legislature of this State in May, 1884. The project had its be-ginning in a meeting held at the house of Mrs. Culium, to whose zeal and energy largely the hospital owes its present existence. The hospital is the expression of the belief among its founders that something can be done to relieve cancer patients. In an address delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the building, Dr. William H. Draper said the higher purpose for which the hospital was founded was to give the best possible opportunity for the investigation of the causes and the treatment of a disease which so far had baffled human skill. as well as to afford relief for the suffering. Some time before, discussions in the Woman's Hospital in this city were followed by the offer by Mr. Astor of a fund for the erection of a building on the Woman's Hospital grounds for

the treatment of cancer patients. This it was deemed unadvisable to accept. Meanwhile Mrs. Cullum and others had been considering the establishment of a separate hospital exclusively for cancer patients, and eventually Mr. Astor, after a conference with Mrs. Cullum, modified his offer so as to permit the application of his gift to the building of a special hospital. Mr. Astor's gift was \$200.000, to be applied to the construction of a building. The hospital purchased a site on Eighth avenue, fronting upon Central Park, between 105th and 106th streets. The site includes 250 feet on 105th street, 212 feet on 106th street, and the full front between the two streets.

The corner stone of the building just com-

the full front between the two streets.

The corner stone of the building just completed was laid with appropriate ceremonies on May 17, 1883. Unavoidable delays in the procuring of necessary funds for occupancy by October, 1883. Unavoidable delays in the procuring of necessary funds for continuing the work, however, put back the completion until this autumn. The building occupies the northeast corner of the block, with the entrance on 105th street. It is about 130 feet long, and a little more than 100 feet deep. The architect is Mr. Charles C. Haight. The style of architecture is after the French Renaissance, and the building resembles a Norman chateau. The material used was red pressed brick trimmed with reddish-brown stone. The front on Eighth avenue is beautifully set off with pillars supporting arches, and forming the foundation for a baleony from the second story. At three corners are built large circular towers containing the patients' wards, and ending in conical roofs. The building is entered by a double staircase leading up to a massive arched doorway. This leads into an entry opening into the main hall, and into the towers on either hand. On the first floor in the towers are the rooms for patients, and the meeting room of the Board of Managers. Each of the towers on the first floor is divided into four private rooms for patients or staff officers. A chapel, with windows opening upon the plazza, is entered from the main hall, which runs the entire length of the building. All through the hospital the walls are intended to be thoroughly antiseptic, and corners are avoided as much as possible. In the wards, which are circular, there is not a corner to be found, the walls being rounded where they join the ceilings. The two front towers on the second floor are devoted to wards. Each room contains eleven beds, is thoroughly lighted, and ventilated by registers and a central ventilating shaft running from the ceiling to the roof. The third tower on this floor is divided into rooms for patients and cases that

water. The third noor is arranged in exactly
the same manner.

On the fourth floor is the large operating
room or theatre. It is in close proximity to
the elevator and patients may be brought in
on low stretchers. The theatre is lighted with
two skylights and by large windows on the
south and west sides. A small side room is for
the purpose of administering chloroform or
ether to the patients before bringing them into the purpose of administering chloroform or ether to the patients before bringing them into the general operating room. Completely shut off from the wards and operating theatre, is the general kitchen and sculiery. This portion of the building contains also the diningrooms for the medical staff, the nurses, and servants. No odor of food can reach any portion of the hospital occupied by the patients, the kitchen being in the top floor of the hospital. The towers in the north end of this floor are divided into ten rooms for nurses.

The hospital is ventilated after the plan of the Metropolitan Opera House. The air is drawn in from a window fifteen feet above the ground, heated over a steam coil, and forced by a fan into all parts of the cellar, and rises through pipes in the walls. The whole cellar becomes a heated air chamber.

This is the only hospital in the country where the wards are circular. It is found that more light can be obtained in this way, and the avolding of corners makes it easier to keep the room free from disease. This building is designed entirely for women. As soon as funds are forthcoming a pavillon for men will be erected on the south end toward 103th street.

The hospital is not wholly a charity institution. A charge of \$7 a week for board will be made for those who are able to pay it; but no one will be turned away for inability to pay.

made for those who are able to pay it: but no one will be turned away for inability to pay. Rooms for private patients will cost from \$15 to \$20 a week, but the same rule will be followed here as in the other cases.

Mrs. Cullum, at the time of the incorporation of the hospital, gave \$50,000, and in her will left to it property which amounts to \$75,000. mrs. Cullum, at the time of the incorporation of the hospital, gave \$50.000, and in her will left to it property which amounts to \$75,000 more. A gift of \$5,000 endows a bed in perpetuity, and the following persons have already endowed beds. Mr. John E. Parsons. Mr. J. W. Drexel, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, Mr. Charles Rogers. Mr. William Astor, Mrs. C. W. Huntington, Mrs. John J. Astor, and Mrs. Cullum.

The Board of Managers is: John E. Parsons, President; J. W. Drexel, Treasurer; A. Brayton Ball, M. D. Secretary; Mrs. M. Clarkson, Mrs. Paul Dahigren, Mrs. Phobe Lord Day, Mrs. Howard Townsend, Mrs. William B. Duncan, Judge Andrews. J. Coleman Drayton, J. F. Alexander, C. Cleveland, M. D., J. B. Hunter, M. D., F. P. Kinnseutt, M. D., W. T. Bull, M. D. The medical staff is made up of the following physicians: Fordyce Barker, John T. Metcalf, T. G. Thomas, G. F. Shrady, William H. Draper, T. M. Mackee, and the medical men on the Board of Managers; also B. F. Curtis, J. F. Howley, H. C. Coe, W. G. Thompson, Dr. Traub, now of St. Luke's Hospital, is resident surgeon. The band nurse is Miss I. C. Mettler, and the matron Mrs. Effic Freer.

The dedicatory exercises will take place on the atternoon of Dec. 6, and the bospital will be open for patients on the following day.

PROSELYTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Mormons Tarred and Feathered and Com-pelled to Roost in the Trees. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CALERA, Ala., Nov. 16.—For the last three months six Mormon elders have been busy proselyting in this section, also at several small towns just across the line in Geofgia. The inabitants gave them a very hostile reception and barely tolerated them. The elders worked hard, and finally converted and baptized four women and two men, all married, who an amounced their intention of emigrating to Utah at once. When this became public the excitement rose to fever pitch, and the elders were warned to move off at once. This they refused to do, and boasted that their sacred calling protected them.

at once. When this became public the excitement rose to fever pitch, and the elders were warned to move off at once. This they refused to do, and boasted that their sacred calling protected them.

Last week, Monday night, an armed band of thirty or over took two of them from the house of one of the converts, and, carrying them into the adjacent woods, gave them a liberal coat of tar and feathers, telling them the next visit meant death. Wednesday night following, finding this insufficient, two others were taken out and chased by hounds into the woods, where they were compelled to roost in the trees all night to avoid the savage dogs. The next day the four were taken out of the settlement and warned never to return. The converts also disappeared, leaving six broken hemes.

The missionaries next appeared in the southern pirt of this county, which is thickly settled by ignorant country people. Their success there was great, and Sunday last they baptized over a dozen—men, women, and children. The better class of farmers there noted this with great anger, and recolved to end it at once. Notices were sent the converts warning them not to attend the meetings, and coffins and other significant threatening letters were sent the elders. They disregarded the threats, however, and, growing bolder, held meetings in more public places. Twice they were shot at Monday, but escaped, except Elder Parsons, who received a builet through his ear.

Yesterday they held a meeting in a log school house some seven miles from here, and a large number of women and children attended. Just before the meeting closed several rifle shots were heard close by, as a signal most likely, and an armed band of over fifty men burst into the room. The women shrieked, the children cried, and the elders vainly attempted to leap out of the windows. The three elders—Parsons, Moyers, and Lea. were then marched out, their hands tied behind them, and long ropes tied around their necks. In this way they were forced to march into the dense woods and preparation it was doubtful if their mission would be a suc-cess, as the people were so frenzied over the affair, but, finally, upon one of the clover sign-ing a written promise to leave the country in twenty-four hours, the mob released them, but they were told emphatically that if caught there again they would be shown no mercy. They all left last night, escorted some distance by an armed guard. The new converts were cowed at the turn affairs have taken, and none of them have left. The people in this section are highly wrought up dier this question.

STEEL WORKS SHUT DOWN. The Men Refuse to Work at a Reduction

of Ten per Cent. In their Wages. WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 26.—The Bessemer steel works in this city are idle. The men say that they are out on strike, and the proprietors say that the works have shut down. The action has nothing to do with the report that all the Bessemer steel mills in the country are to shut down on Dec. 1, although the mill would have stopped next month, for the managers were shaping their affairs with that end in view. The mill employs between 400 and 500 men, about half of them in the steel department. Last spring, during the epidemic of labor troubles, the workmen struck for an advance. The mills were running on contracts which had to be filled at certain dates, and the company was forced to yield. The advance prices have been paid ever since, and nightly the fires of the steel furnaces have illuminated the eastern part of the city. Last night all was dark in that direc-

ever since, and nightly the lifes of the steel furnaces have illuminated the eastern part of the city. Last night all was dark in that direction, and within the enclosure the watchman made his lonely rounds in silence.

Three months ago notice of a ten per cent. Three months ago notice of a ten per cent. reduction was posted in the mills, the reduction to take effect next Monday. The mills were running on contracts, but in each was a provision that in case of a strike the time limit would be extended to correspond with the time covered by the strike. There were so many mutterings and so many little caucuses of the worken that the managers accurately forecast a strike, and gave notice that the works would be shut down to-night, and that the men would all be paid in full on Tuesday. The shrewder men in the mill saw in this a discharge, which would put them beyond the protection and symmathy of labor organizations and allow the filling of their places with new men, who could not be called scabe. They acted promptly, and demanded the withdrawal of the cut-down notices. This being refused, they worked out their heats, and to-day the works are closed because there are no workmen. The managers say that they will remain closed indefinitely, as with the recent advances in the price of coal they cannot run the mill without loss unless wages are reduced. The workmen rather laugh at this reason and say that if such is the case it impeaches the reputations for shrewdness which the managers have enjoyed, for that shrewdness would naturally suggest the making of such a contract in the summer, especially when the ice blockade of last year caused an expenditure of more than \$1,000 to change the furnaces from soft-coal burners, because coal contracted for the previous August could not be delivered. The works are the third in the city in the number of workmen employed, and the managers say that they have been paying as high wages as are paid anywhere in the same line of business.

BETHLEHEM. Pa.. Nov. 26.—The Bethlehem Iron Compa

Magnificent Presents Sent by Emperors and From the London Standard.

Hagnificent Presents Sent by Emperors and Kings.

From the London Standara.

Leo XIII. has now definitively sanctioned the order of the solemnities with which he will celebrate his sacerdotal jubilee. On the last day of this year his Holiness will celebrate mass at the high altar of 8t Peter's with closed doors, admission to the Basilica being by tickets of invitation only. On the 1st of January, 1888, he will receive in special audience the Cardinals, nobles, and dignitaries of the Church, and the most distinguished of the foreigners who come to Rome for this special occasion.

All these personages will then visit the Vatican jubilee exhibition, at which will be displayed all the gifts sent to the Pope from various parts of the world, the exhibition being open to the public on the day following. Leo XIII. had assigned for this purpose that part of the Vatican preclucts known as the Plazza della Pigua, but that space, although containing 8,000 square metres, has been found insufficient. A portion of the display will be in the "Loggie" of Raphael.

The more precious gifts will be placed in the new wing of the Chiaramonti Museum, and an extra gallery will be constructed by the Pontifical architect. Signor Vespignium, leading to one of the interior doors of the Vatican.

Among the more splendid of the gifts already arrived are a pastoral ring, presented by the Sultan, in which there is a solitaire estimated at the value of more than 70,000 plastres, and a tiara, the gift of the German Emperor, ornamented with magnificent jewels, one of which is said to be the largest of its kind known.

A ring from the Queen Regent of Spain, set with an enormous sapphire surrounded by large brilliants. The Emperor of Austria senda a diara, the gift of the German Emperor, ornamented with magnificent jewels, one of which is said to be the largest of its kind known.

A ring from the Queen Regent of Spain, set with an enormous sapphire surrounded by large brilliants. The Emperor of Austria senda to the Pope a principe edition of the V

The diocese of Fréjus forwards an immense volume, containing the Magnificat, printed in 150 languages; but this is surpassed by the diocese of Paris, which makes an offering of the Lord's Prayer printed in 200 languages, which was executed at the Imperial Press when Plus VII, consecrated Napoleon I. The binding of this volume is very magnificent, with studs and bosses of solid gold upon the fine morocco and the arms of the Peed family embiazoned in gold.

On Jan. 6 several new saints will be canonized, the Pope assisting at the ceremonies in the Sistine Chapel. It is rumored that the Queen of Servia and the Emperor of Brazil will come to Rome to be present at this coremony.

CARE OF THE TEETH. A Dentist Advises the Use of Only Water

With the Brush.
From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Prom the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

"What should a man use to clean his teeth?" was the question asked of a well-known dentist recently. The dentist replied at once: "Nothing but water. There are more good teeth ruined by so-called dentifrices than by all other causes in the world put together. The object of the makers of these dentifrices, is, of course, to produce a preparation that will, with very little rubbing of the brush, make the teeth look perfectly clean and white. To accomplish this they put pumice stone, and sometimes strong aikalis in their preparations. Pumice stone will unquestionably take all the tariar off the tooth, and will also, just as unquestionably, take all the enamel with it. An alkali will make a yellow tooth look white in a few seconds, but before a week has passed it will have eaten away nearly all the enamel and utterly destroyed the tooth. In walking along the street you often see a 'fakir' by way of advertising his patent dentrifice, call a small by from the crowd near by, and, opening the boy's mouth, rub the dentrifice on his dirty teeth, and in a minute, almost, take off all the tartar and make the teeth look perfectly pure and white. Now a man like that fakir ought to be arrested, for he has forever destroyed the boy's teeth. His preparation, composed of a powerful alkall, is eating away the enamel of the boy's teeth, and in a few months the poor youngster will not have a sound tooth in his head. The deutrifices composed chiefly of pumice stone are not as bad as those containing an alkall, because they will not destroy the teeth so quickly; but if used habitually they will as certainity destroythem in the end.

"I should advise a man by all means to use no deutifrice of any description, unless it be propared chalk. If this is used not oftener than once a week it will not injure the teeth, and in propage of the propared chalk. If this is used not oftener than once a work it will not injure the teeth, and propensed simply of oris root and prepared chalk, they would be har

SUMMERVILLE, Pa., Nov. 26 .- A month ago all the wells and springs in this place and South Fork, near by, went suddenly dry. Such a thing had never been known before, and the mysterious drought could not be accounted for. Until Sunday water for the needs of the two places had to be hauted from a stream a mile away. On Sunday the springs and wells began flowing as suddenly as they had ceased, and are yielding their usual abundant supply. The mystery of the drought is surpassed by the mystery of its sudden ending and what the cause of the strange proceedings may be is beyond the explanation of any one in the melgaborhood. STATEN ISLAND FERRIES.

A Big Potttion Asking the Mayor to Suppress the Rapid Transit System.

Lawyer J. H. Van Clief, Jr., of West New Brighton, handed to Mayor Hewitt, the other day, a petition, purporting to be signed by three-quarters of the business men of Richmond county asking for increased ferry fa-cilities between this city and Staten Island. The petitioners declare that the old system, by which direct ferry comseveral points along the north and east shores of Staten Island was much preferable to the present system by which the ferryboats only run to St. George, and that the abandonment of the old ferries was illegal any way. They say that the Bapid Transit Company has systematically falsified its accounts in order to cheat the city out of that percentage of the company's earnings to which the city is entitled. They ask to have the city move to rescind the leases of the Rapid Transit Company and re-sell the leases at auction.

Mr. A. B. Boardman, counsel for the Transit Company, told a SUN reporter Saturday that Mr. Van Clief raised only two questions—the first, whether the company was paying the city what it ought to; the second, whether the ferry accommodations were adequate. The city's Commissioner of Accounts for the last three months had, at the direction of the Mayor, been examining the company's books.

It was a fact of which the company felt assured that public sentiment on the island was in favor of the present transit system. The old way was better for those who took teams to the city, such as carters and perhaps some of the brewers, but these people were few compared with those convenienced by the railroad system. The present opposition was mainly the work of those who hated the Transit Company and its officers for personal reasons. company's earnings to which the city is en-

FIVE MILLION WELL SPENT.

That is What the Children's Ald Society has Used Up in Thirty-three Years, The annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society of this city was held on Wednesday in the parlors of the American Exchange National Bank. Last year's officers were reelected, and Wm. A. Booth, Robert J. Living ston, D. Willis James, Douglas Robinson, Jr.

elected, and Wm. A. Booth, Robert J. Livingston, D. Willis James, Douglas Robinson, Jr., and G. E. Kissel were chosen trustees. Among those present wore Geo. S. Coe. Judge H. C. Van Vorst, J. K. Todd. C. E. Whitehead, R. J. Livingston, and Wm. A. Booth.

In his report, Secretary C. L. Brace remarked a very apparent decrease in the prevalence of juvenile crime during the thirty years of the existence of the society. A remarkable effect of these reform movements in decreasing crime is also shown by the police statistics. The decrease in all crimes is 12% per cent. during the last eleven years.

The cost of the twenty-one industrial schools and fourteen night schools for salaries, rents. &c., was \$100,154.56.

The cost for shelter, food, and teaching of 9.699 boys and girls during the year in the lodging houses of the society, was \$61,844.35. The society has placed 2.974 children in homes at a total cost of \$32,161.17.

In the schools of the society, 10,827 children have been taught, and partly fed and clothed, 525,350 meals being suppiled. In the penny savings banks \$7,253.54 has been deposited. The total number under the charge of the society during the year was 35,827.

The receipts for the year as shown by the Treasurer's report, wore \$53,716.02, and included, from State School Fund, \$54,546.21; from the city, \$70,000; donations by Mrs. R. L. Stuart of \$35,504.91 for Tompkin's square lodging house; special loan of \$15,000.

The disbursements included \$234.468.31 for current expenses. The largest expense, then, \$100,154.56, was for lood, clothing, shoes, evening schools, &c. The total amount paid out by the society since 1853 is \$4,846,974.61.

THEIR LITTLE HEARTS YEARN.

The Girls in the Dry Goods Stores are All Crazy to Go Shopping.

That sweet thing in confectionery, the girl who tends the candy store, is popularly believed to be good "steady company" for the impecunious young man. Her occupation sursweet tooth, and the tender business of court-ing her can be carried on without any expenlitures for ice cream or candy. A bright girl in a big store where dry goods, notions, and almost everything else are sold, was asked if her occupation had a similar effect—whether her interminable experience in the store and her familiarity with the seamy side of the shopping question killed in her the feminine passion for shopping.

"Not if I know myself," was the emphatic response, "and every one of the hundreds of girls here will tell you the same thing. We dearly love to shop. We cannot get a chance to go to other stores. How we would dote on that. But we get a little time to do it here. Every store gives its girls an hour two on some certain morning once a week, in which they are free to go into the other departments and exercise the delicious privilege of doing a little shopping. We used to have two hours here every Friday morning. That was little enough, but it seems that it was too good to last. A new order has reduced the time to one hour, and imposed the restriction that girls must not go about the store unless they are really going to buy. Fancy that—no shopping without buying! You can't appreciate it. I suppose, as you are nothing but a mere man. But you go out on in a big store where dry goods, notions, and

Fancy that—no snopping without buying. The can't appreciate it. I suppose, as you are nothing but a mere man. But you go out on Fourteenth street, on Broadway, Sixth avenue, or Twenty-third street, where crowds upon crowds of ladies can be met. Ask some of them, or better yet, ask all of them what they would think of not being able to go shopping unless they were going to buy. The answers you would get would show you what a horrid restriction we are under."

The Blind Professor's Leap. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FORT WAYNE, Nov. 20.—Saturday evening, at Bluffton, Prof. John L. McCleary, known as the "Blind Professor," climbed to the second-story of the Court House, and, feeling his way along the corridors to a street window, threw it open. Then, as if to test the distance and ascertain the chance of death, McCleary tossed his cane to the pavement below. After hearing the stick rebound, the old man climbed out of the window, preparing to drop into eternity.

"Don't leap," shouted a half dozen people, who witnessed the desperate man.

"I know what I am doing, Go to h.—,"came the response from McCleary, who instantly threw himself to the pavement.

He fell head foremost, and his skull was fractured, the bones of the body were broken, and his face mutilated. Death resulted in a short time. He was for years superintendent of the Bluffton schools, was finely educated, and widely known. He had been drinking hard of late, which was the cause of his act.

Cambling on the Decline in Missourt.

There has been a marked change in the last twenty years in public feeling as regards gambling. St. Louis was a great gambling town then, and at any of the big games the politicians and statesmen could be found in shundance. In Washington, between '64 and '65. I believe there was more gambling done than ever was at the old German resorts. Faro was the game, and one could see assembled at the table Senators, Congressmen, foreign Ministers, members of the Cabinet, and distinguished men from every part of the Union. I saw there one night the Collector of the Port of a Northern city lose \$100,000 inside of four hours, and a gentleman from St. Louis that night got up from the table winner by \$55,000. He went back and dropped that and \$3,000 more the next night, Nowadays no man of any prominence at all would dare enter a gambling house, and if he did would not want anybody to know it. They gambled then as they drink now, and were reckoned as gentlemen notwithstanding. From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Reminded by his Youngster.

From the Louisville Courier Journal.

A physician told a good joke on himself to an appreciative audience at the jail.

"At my house," he said. "I make it a point to ask a bleasing before each meal. There is a sharp, bright-eyed little fellow—a member of our family—who has just reached the age of 7. He takes particular note of everything that happens, and often makes quaint remarks. Well, on the occasion to which I refer, we sat down to supper, and, as usual, I said grace. My mind being very much engrossed with other thoughts, I forgot that I had observed my religious custom, and repeated the invocation. Quick as the amen' had rolled from my lips the second time, this bright hopeful of mine looked up and said: 'Ding-a-ling; chestnuts, papa.' It is unnecessary to add that I fully understood him."

No Time for an Argument.

It was on a Central-Hudson train, bound north, and he had been delivering a learned disquisition upon the political and financial outlook to a passenger in the seat shead.

"My friend," he concluded, "what is your opinion of Government bonds?" "My friend," he concluded for Sing Sing, and his fovernment bonds?" Just then the whistle sounded for Sing Sing, and his friend replied:
"I don't think much of 'em." displaying a pair of handeuffed wrists. "but I'll have to say good by, sir, This is my station."

Recping Itself Green. Second Husband (to wife)-I was at the band's grave in very bad condition.

Wife—I suppose it is.
Second Husband -Ves the inscription. "Jone, but not forgotten," is nearly evergrown with grave.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE Dogs Trained to Do Important Service is

Prom the Philadelphia Press.

In the German army," said an officer of the French man-of-war Minerve, now in the harbor, "they are training does to perform a novel but important service, as scouts to accompany advanced posts and sentinels who are detached from the main body of troops. The species employed are the Pomeranian woll dog, selected on account of its great fidelity and its intelligence, and it is said that nothing can seduce one of them from its duty. They are taught to recognize the uniforms worn by their friends, and in this and other ways to discriminate between them and the enemy. Every advanced post has a number of the dogs, and when a sentinel is sent forward a dog goes with him as a scout.

At the approach of any one the dog advances stealthly, and in some inscrutible way hard to distinguish from an actual process of reasoning, finds out whether it is a friend or a foa. He immediately returns to the sentinel, and makes known by his actions and his bark whether there is danger or not. Each dog wears around his neck a light fron collar to which is attached a despatch book, and by this means the sentinel sends back to his post, if necessary, a written message of information.

The training of these dogs was being done very quietly, but a Parisian artist by the name of Kauffmann discovered it and brought the news to Paris. New the French are talking of training their Canlehe, or sheep dog, not only to do what the wolf dog of the Germans it doing, but also to recognize, attack, and kill the latter wherever found.

From the Oakland Tribune.

From the Oaktana Tribune.

For many years Miss Nellie Yale, daughter of the late Gregory Yale, one of California's most eminent attorneys, and sister of Charles G. Yale of this city, had been the afflanced of G. P. Vance, and longingly the two awaited a day when a wedding would crown their happiness. Vance drilted off to Denver, and during a visit to friends in the South and East something over a year ago Miss Yale contracted a cold which culminated in quick consumption. Returning to her home in San Francisco she grew feebler daily, and even the dry atmosphere of southern California, whither she went, failed to stay the wasting disease, so she was again brought home.

So feeble had she become last week that her lover was sent for. He reached San Francisco on Friday. On Sunday Miss Yale was drossed in the wedding gown which had been ordered over a year before, and, her lover's hand it hers, was solemnly wedded, the Rev. Edgar J. Lion (a schoolmate of youthful days) reading the service. Then, with a happy heart, the loving bride sank slowly to her death, which occurred early yesterday morning.

This afternoon the body of the bride, again attired in her bridal dress, was borne from St. Stephen's Church, San Francisco, to the quiet home of the dead.

Fox Hunte Illegal in Massachusetts, From the Boston Herald.

For Hunts litegal in Massachusetts,

From the Boston Herald.

The full bench of the Supreme Court has sent down a decision in the case of the Commonwealth agt. Elmer Turper of Rockland, overruling the defendant's exceptions, which is of Interest to sportsmen who indulge in fox hunts. This was an indictment against the defendant for aviolation of the law prohibiting cruelty to animals. It appeared in evidence that the defendant let a fox loose at Round Hill, Rockland, which was run down and killed by the dogs of the defendant, in which sport a number of the defendant's friends joined. The defendant's counsel claimed that the indictment contained no offence known to the laws of the Commonwealth.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the defendant alleged exceptions. In overruling the defendant alleged exceptions, the opinion, which is written by Judge Devens, says: "The word animal must be held to include wild and obnoxious animals, unless the purpose of the statute or the context indicates a limited meaning. There is nothing in the general purpose and intent of the statute that would prevent it from including all animals within the common meaning of that word."

This is the first decision on this question in this State.

The Cowboy Scuator,

From the Battimore Herats.

The man who will take Senator Reagan's

The man who will take Senator Reagan's sent in the House of Representatives has arrived. He will take the noted Texan's seat, but hardly his place, in Congress. At 3 rst sight the Hon. Mr. Martin somewhat startles one. He is directly opposite to Mr. Reagan in build, for the latter is fat, round, and short, while Martin is tall, angular, and thin.

Take Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and Buck Taylor, the cowboy, and roll them together and then pull them out, and you will, perhaps, see something that resembles the Hon. Mr. Martin, He looks a typical cowboy. His sharp features have a red complexion for a background, with long black hair for a frame. On his head he wears the well-known soft broad-brim black hat of the ranch. His tall, angular form is clad in loose black clothes, which are covered by a long, shaggy greateont. He wears a black cravat, and his "biled" shirt front glares forth like a beacon; but the diamond pin, usually the accompaniment of the white expanse, is missing. Mr. Martin looks like he could make things howl. He is middle-aged and sharp-looking, and if stirred up to a pitch he could, no doubt, give a cowboy yell on the floor that would doubte discount Senator Reagan's "mush-and-milk" voice.

Dutch John's Change of Heart, From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A year ago a missionary came in contact one night with a young man of more than ordinary ability in a Bowery lodging house, not far from Grand street. He was, however, drunk, dirty, and disorderly. The minister spent a few minutes in conversation, and asked the young man if he would meet him again, and he consented. It was a half-drunken promise, and from past experience the Christian worker expected little from it. Next day, sure enough, the young tough Christian worker expected little from it. Next day, sure enough, the young tough turned up as he said he would, and had another conversation with the missionary. He went along to chapel that night out of euriosity, and succeeding nights out of interest. Then he came back to the lodging house and began work himself on his friends. There is nothing remarkable in this incident, save that the young man was a well-known pickpocket and sneak thief named "Dutch John." This fall he is at Mr. Moody's School of Theology at Northfield preparing himself for a caregas a city missionary among the dives and lodging houses of New York.

Profitable Notoriety.

Profitable Natoriety.

Prom the Chicago News.

The proprietor of the St. Louis drug store where Maxwell bought the chloroform with which to kill Prelier says: "If I should live to be 100 years old I have no doubt that some day a man would come in here, and after buying a toothbrush or a cake of sonp that he didn't want, loiter around for a fow minutes and then say, "This is the place where Maxwell got his chloroform isn't it?" and then expect me to tell the whole story of the Prelier murder. I have got it down as fine now as a guide in the museum of the old country has his little historical speech. I can't complain, though, for the episode with Maxwell has brought many a dollar to my purse. It would not be exaggerating to say that at least 2,000 people, mostly strangers, have dropped into my store and paved their way to their inquiries by making a purchase, by way of peace offering, since the day that Preller's body was found in the trunk at the Southern Hotel."

Three Young Girl Tramps.

Three Tours Girl Tramps.

From the Paliadelphia Fress.

WEST CHESTER, Nov. 23.—This morning Officer Jefferis arrested Anna Bell White, aged 15, and her sister Lillie, aged 11, and Annie Rambo, aged 14, who hall from Flsherville, a manufacturing hamlet about a mile north of Downington. The girls said that they came to West Chester on Monday for the purpose of visiting Grant Haines, a young man who is locked up in the jail on a criminal charge, but were not permitted to see him. At the hearing in Police Headquarters they stated that on Monday night they slept in the undergrowth in the old Madiack woods, just outside of this borough, with no covering but some leaves and their shawls. All yesterday they wandered around, and last night slept at the house of a colored family in the East ward of this borough.

Sentenced to 80 Years for Horse Stealing. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GAINESVILLE, Texas, Nov. 21.—Bob Mo-Worter, a notorious horse thief, was brought here last night from the flusk penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned for the last three months, and was arraigned in this Dis-trict Court to-day upon the charge of horse theft in this (Cocke) county, to which charge he pleaded guilty, and his punishment was as-sessed at ten years' confinement in the peni-tentiary. This, together with previous sen-tences given him for similar offences, amounts to eighty-six years, the time allotted him in the penitentiary for horse stealing in Texas.

New York's Famous Little Judge.

Prom the Beston Globe.

New York has a Judge—not a Judge of the Court of Appeals, but only a Police Court Justice—who, as reported from time to time in the columns of The Sun, delivers from the bench solid nuggets of sense worthy of Franklin at least; epigrams that would do no discredit to Voltaire, and original justice that would have made Solomon cuylous. This talented jurist is the immortal Justice Patrick Gavan Duffy.

The Suicide of Mrs. George I. Post.

The Suicide of Mrs. George I. Post.

From the Philadelphia Press.

St. Louis, Nov. 23.—Mrs. Esther C. Post, wife of George I. Post, who recently removed here from New York in order to be able to give personal attention to the affairs of the Central Missouri Railroad, in which he is largely interested, drowned herself to-day in a bathtub at their residence on Lucas avenue. She was 62 years old, and for some time had been subject to melancholls.